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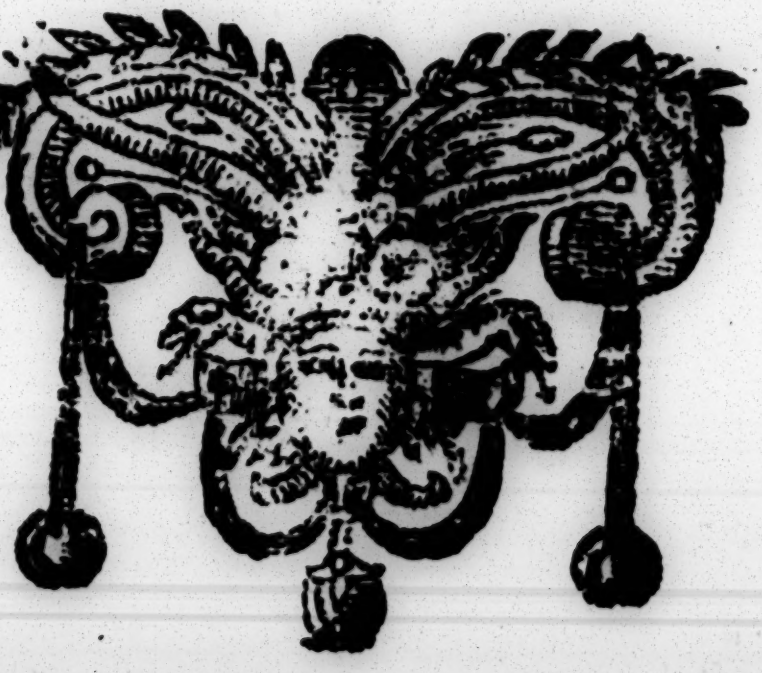
THE FLYTING BETWIXT MONTGOMERY AND POLVVART.



EDINBVRGH,
Printed by the Heires of *Andro Hart*, 1629,

TO THE READER.

NO cankring Envy, Malice, nor Despite,
Stirr'd up these men so eagerly to flyte,
But generous Emulation; so in Playes
Best actors flyte and raile, and thousand wayes
Delight the itching Eare; So wanton Curres
Wak'd with the gingling of a Courteours spurres,
Barke all the night, and neuer secke to bite:
Such bravery these versers mou'd to write.
Would all that now doe flyte would flyte like those,
And Lawes were made that none durst flyte in prose;
How calm: were then the world: perhaps this Law
Might make some madding wiues to stand in aw,
And not in filthy Prose out-roare their men:
But read these Roundelayes to them till then.
Flyting no reason hath, and at this tyme
Heere it not stands by Reason, *but by Ryme;*
Anger *t'asswage, make* Melancholy *lesse,*
This flyting first was wrote, now tholes the Presse.
Who will not rest content with this Epistle,
Let him sit downe and flyt, or stand and whistle.

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POLWART AND MONTGOMERIES *flytting.*

Montgomerie to Polwart

POlwart yee peip like a Mouſe amongſt thornes,
Na cunning yee keepe, *Polwart* yee peip:
Yee looke like a ſheipe, and yee had twa hornes,
Polwart ye peipe like a Mouſe amongſt thornes.

Beware what thou ſpeiks litle foule earth Tade,
With thy Cannigate breiks, beware what thou ſpeiks,
Or there ſalbe wat cheiks, for the laſt that thou made,
Beware what thou ſpeiks, little foule earth Tade.

Foule miſmade mytting, borne in the Merſe,
By word and by wrytting, foule miſmade mytting
Leaue off thy flytting, come kiſſe my Erſe,
Foule miſmade mytting, borne in the Merſe.

And we mell thou ſall yell, little cultron Cuiſt,
Thou ſalt tell, euen thy ſell, and we mell thou ſalt yell,
Thy ſmell was ſa fell, and ſtronger than Muiſt,
And wee mell, thou ſall yell, little cultron Cuiſt.

Thou art doeand and dridland like ane foule beaſt,
Fykand, and fidland, thou art doeand, and dridland,
Strydand, and ſtridland, like Robin red-breſt,
Thou art doeand, and dridland, like ane foule beaſt.

Polwarts Reply to Montgomerie.

DEſpitfull ſpider, poore of ſpreit,
Begins with babling me to blame,

Gowke wyt mee not to gar thee greit,
Thy tratling, truiker, I ſall tame,
When thou beleeues to win ane name,
Thou ſall be baniſht of all beild,
And ſyne receiue baith skaith and ſhame,
And ſa be forcde to leaue the field.

Thy ragged roundels, raueand Royt,
Some ſhort, ſome lang, ſome out of lyne,
With ſcabrous colours, fulſom floyt,
Proceidand from an pynt of wyne,
Quhilke halts for laike of feete like myne,
Yet foole thou thought na ſhame to wryte them,
At mens command that laikes ingyne,
Quhilke doytted Dyvours gart thee dyte them.

But gooked Gooſe, I am right glaide,
Thou art begun, in write to flyte:
Sen Lowne thy language I haue laide,
And put thee to thy pen to write:
Now dog I ſall thee ſa diſpyte,
With pricking put thee to ſike ſpeid,
And cauſe thee (Curre) that warkloome quite,
Syne ſeeke an hole to hide thy heide.

Yel kraue, acknowledge thine offence,
Or I grow crabbed, and ſa claire thee,
Aske mercie, make obedience,
In time for feare leiſt I forfaire thee.
Ill ſprit I will na langer ſpare thee,
Blaide blecke thee, to bring in a gyſe,
And to drie pynnance ſoone prepare thee,
Syne paſſe foorth as I ſall devyſe.

Firſt faire threed-bair, with fundred fair,
Recanting thy vnſeemelie ſawes,
In pilgrimage to Alarite,
Syne bee content to quite the cauſe.
And in thy teeth bring mee the Tawes,
With beckes my bidding to abide:
Whether thou wilt let belt thy Bawes,
Or kiſſe all Cloffes that ſtands beſide.

And of thir twa take thou thy choſe,
For thy awin profite I procure thee:
Or with a prike into thy noſe,
To ſtand content I ſall conjure thee.
But at this time thinke I forbuir thee,
Becauſe I cannot treate thee fairer.
Sit thou this charge, I will aſſure thee,
The ſecond ſall bee ſomething fairer.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

FAlſe feckleſſe Foulmart, Ipe heere a defyance,
Gaſey thy ſcience, doe Droigh what thou dow
Trot Tyke to a Tow, Mandrage but myance,
Wee will heir tydance, peil'd *Polwart* of thy pow,
Many yeald Yow haſt thou cald ouer a know,
Syne hid them in an how, ſtarke theefe when thou ſtaw them,
Menſwering thou ſaw them, and made but a mow,
Syne filde in the Row: when the men came that awe them.

Thy dittay was death, thou dare not deny it,
Thy trumperie was tryed, thy falſet they fand,
Burreaue the band, *Cor mundum* thou cryed:
Condemnde to bee dryde, and hung vp fra hand:
While thou payde a pand, in that ſtowe thou did ſtand,
With a willie wand thy skin was weil ſcourged:
Syne feinzedlie forged, how thou left the *Land*,
Now Sirs I demand, how this *Pod* can bee purged.

Yet wanſhapen Shit, thou ſhup ſike a ſunzie,
As proude as yee prunzie, your pennes ſall be plucked,
Come kiſſe where I cuckied, and change mee that cunzie,
Your gryſes grunzie is graceleſſe and gowked,
Your mouth muſt bee mucked, while yee bee inſtructed,
Foule ſlirdome wanſucked, terſell of a Taide,
Thy meter miſmade, hath luſilie lucked.
I grant thou conducted thy termes in a ſlaide.

Little angrie Attercop, and auld vnſell Aipe,

Polwart to Montgomerie:

Yee greine for to gaipe vpon the gray meir:
Play with thy Peir, or I'll pull thee like a Paipe,
Goe ride in a raipe for this noble new yeir,
I promiſe thee heere, to thy chaſts ill cheir,
Except thou goe leir to licke at the lowder.
With Potingars powder, thy ſelfe thou ouer-ſmeir,
The Caſtell yee weir well ſciled on your ſhoulder.

This twiſe ſealed Trumper, with his tratling hee trowes,
Making vaine vowes, to match him with mee:
With the print of a Key, well brunt on thy browes,
Now God ſall bee crowes, wherefra come yee.
For all your bombi.l, ye'r war'd a little wee:
I thinke for to ſee you hing by the heilles,
For termes that thou ſteiles of auld poetrie,
Now wha ſould trow thee, thats paſt baith the ſeils

Proud poyſond pikthanke, perverſe and perjured,
I dow not indure it, to bee bitten with a duik,
I's fell thee like a fluike, flatlings on the flure
Thy ſcrows obſcure are borowed fra ſome buike,
Fra *Lindeſay* thou tooke, thou'rt *Chaucers* Cuike,
Aye lying like a Ruike, gif men wald not skar thee
But beaſt I debar thee, the Kings Chimney nuike,
Thou flees for a looke, but I ſhall ride nare thee.

Falſe ſtrydand ſtickdirt, I's gar thee ſtinke,
How durſt thou mint, with thy Maſter to mell,
On ſike as thy ſell, little pra-ling pinke
Could thou not ware inke, thy tratling to tell,
Hoy hurſon to hell, among the fiends fell,
To drinke of that well, that poyſonde thy pen,
VVhere Deuils in their den, dois yammer and yell,
Heere I thee expell from all Chriſtian men.

Polwart to Montgomerie.

3 BLeird babling byſtour, baird obey,
Learne skybalde Knaue to knaw thy ſell,
Vile, vagabound, or I invey,

Cu-

Cuſtroun with cuffes thee to compell,
Yet tratling truiker, truth to tell,
Stoup thou not at the ſecond charge,
Miſchieuous miſhant wee ſall mell.
VVith laidlie language, loud and large.

VVhere Lowne as thou loues thy life.
I baith command, and counſell thee,
For to eſchew this ſturtſome ſtrife,
And with thy manlie Maſter gree,
To this effect I counſell thee,
By publicke Proclamation,
Gowke to compeir vpon thy knee,
And kiſſe my foull foundation.

*B*ut Lord, I laugh to ſee the Bluiter,
Glor in thy ragments raſh to raill.
With mightie manked, magled meiter,
Tratland, and tumbland, top ouertaill,
As Carlings counts their farts doyld ſnaill,
Thy rouſtie ratrimes, made but mater.
I could well follow, wald I ſeaill,
Or preaſſe to fiſh within thy water.

Onlie becauſe Owle thou does vſe it,
I will write verſe of common kind,
And Swingeour for thy ſake refuſe it.
To crabe thee bumbler, by thy mind.
Pedler I pittie thee ſa pinde,
To buckle him that beares the bell,
Iacſtro bee better anes inginde,
Or I ſhall flyte againſt my ſell.

But breiflie. beaſt to anſwere thee,
In ſermon ſhort I am content,
And ſayes thy ſimilitudes vnſlie,
Are na wayes verie pertinent,
Thy tyrde compariſons a sklent,
Are monſtrous, like the Mule that made them,
Thy borrowed barkings violent,
Yet were they vvorſe, let men out war them.

Alſo I may bee *Chaucers* man.
And yet my Maſter not the leſſe:
But wolfe that waſtes on Cup and Kan
In gluttonie, thy grace I gueſſe;
Ga drunken Dyuour, thee addreſſe,
And borrow thee, ambaſſed breikes,
To heare mee now, thy praiſe expreſſe,
Knaue if thou can, without wat cheiks.

Firſt of thy juſt Genealogie,
Tyke I ſhall tell the truth I trow,
Thou was begotten, ſome ſayes mee,
Betwixt the Deuill and a dun Kow.
An night when that the fiend was fow,
At banket birland at the beir:
Thou ſowked ſyne an ſweit brod Sow,
Amang the middings manie a yeire.

On ruites and runches in the fielde,
With Nolt thou nuriſh'de was a yeir,
While that thou paſt baith poore and peild,
Into *Argyle* ſome lair to leir,
As the laſt night did well appeire,
When thou ſtood fidgeing at the fire,
Faſt fikand with thy Heiland cheir,
My flyting forc'd thee ſo to flire.

Into the Land where thou was borne,
I read of nought but it was skant:
Of Cattell, Cleithing, and of Corne,
VVhere wealth and welfaire baith doth want,
Now Tade-face, take this for na tant,
I heare your houſing is right faire,
VVhere howlring Howlets aye doth hant,
With Robin-red breſt, but repaire.

The Lords and Lairds within that Land
I knaw are men of meikill rent,
And liuing as I vnderſtand.
Quhilke in an Innes wee bee content:

To leiue and let their houſe in Lent,
In Lentron month, and the lang Sommer,
Where twelue Knights Kitchins hath a vent,
Quhilke for to furniſh dois them cumber.

For ſtore of Lambes, and lang tail le Welders,
Thou knawes where manie couples gaes:
For ſtealing tyed faſt in tedders,
In fellon flockes in ans and twaes,
Abroad athort your bankes and braes
Yee doe abound in Coale and Calke.
And thinkes like fooles to fley all faes,
With Targets, tulzies and toometalke.

Alace poore hood-piks, hunger-bitten,
Accuſtomde with ſcurriſitie:
Ridand like boiſtures, all beſhitten,
In fields, without fertilitie:
Bare, barren, with ſterilitie,
For fault of cattell, corne, and gerſe,
Your banquets of moſt nobilitie,
Deare of the Dog brawne in the Merſe.

Witleſſe vanter, were thou wiſe,
Cuſtroun thou wald *Cor mundum* cry,
Ou'r-laiden lowne, with lang taild lice,
Thy doytit dytings ſoone denie,
Trouker, or I thy trumperie trie,
And make a legend of thy life:
For flyte I anes, folke will cry fye,
Then thou'll bee war'd with euerie wife

Polwarts Medicine to Montgomerie beeing ſicke.

SIr Swingeour ſeeing I want wares,
And ſalues to ſlake thee of thy ſaires,
This preſent from the pothecares,
Mee think meet to amend thee.

First for thy feuer feid on foly,
with faſting ſtomack take old-oly,
Mixt with a mouthfull of Melancholy,
From ſeame for to defend thee.

Syne paſſe ane ſpice and ſmell a flowre,
Thy inward parts to purge and ſcowre,
Tak thee three bites of an blackhowre,
And Ruebarb, bache and bitter.

This duely done but any din,
Sup ſyne ſex ſops, but ſomething thin,
Of the Diuell ſcald thy guts within,
To heale thee of thy ſkitter.

Vnto thy bed, ſyne make thee bowne,
Take ane ſweit Syrop worth a Crowne,
And drink it with the Diuell gadown,
To recreat thy ſpreit.

And laſt of all, craig in a Cord,
Send for a powdar and pay for'd,
Call'd the vengeance of the Lord',
For thy inug mouth moſt meit.

Gif that preſerue thee not fra paine,
Paſſe to the Pothingars againe,
Some recipies does yet remaine,
To heale bruik, byle, or bliſter.

As *diædragma* when yee dine,
or *diabolicon* wat in wine;
With powdar, I drait fellon fine,
And mair yet when yee miſter.

Montgomeries anſwere to Polwart.

VYle venemous viper, wanthriftieſt of things,
Halfe an Elfe, hafe ane Aipe, of Nature deny it,
Thou flait with a countrey, the quhilk was the Kings,
But that bargan vnbeaſt, deare ſall thou buy it,
The cuff is weill waired, that twa hame brings,

This Prouerb foule pelt, to thee is applyit,
Firſt Spider of ſpyte, thou ſpewes out ſprings,
Yet wanſhapen woubet, of the weirds invyit,
I can tell thee, how, when, where, and wha gat thee,
The quhilk was neither man nor wife,
Nor humane creature on life,
Thou ſtinkand ſteirer vp of ſtrife,
False howlat haue at thee.

In the hinder end of harueſt, on Alhallow euen,
When our good nighbours doe ryd, gif I read right,
Some buckled on a bunwand, and ſome on a been,
Ay trottand in trupes, from the twilight,
Some ſadleand a ſhoe Aip, all graithed into green,
Some hobland on ane hemdſtalke hoveand to the hight,
The King of Pharie, and his court, with the Elfe Queen,
With many Elrich Incubus, was ryd and that night,
There ane Elf on ane Aipe anc vnſell begat,
Into ane pot, by Pomathorne,
That bratchart in ane buſſe was borne,
They fand ane monſter on the morne,
war faid nor a Cat.

The weird ſiſters wandring, as they were wont then,
Saw Reavens rugand, at that ratton, be a Ron ruit,
They muſed at the Mandrake, vnmade lik a man,
A Beaſt bund with a bonevand, in ane old buit,
How that gaiſt had bein gotten, to geſſe they began,
Weil ſwyld in a Swynes ſkin, and ſmerit ouer with ſuit,
The bellie that it firſt bair, full bitterly they ban,
Of this miſmade Mowdewart, miſchief they muit,
That cruiked, camſchoche, crovll, vncriſtned they curſe,
They bade that baiche ſould not be but
The glengore, gravell, and the gut,
And all the plagues that firſt were put
Into *Pandoraes* purſe.

The cogh, and the connogh, the collicke, and the cald,
The cords, and the cout-euill, the claiſps and the cleiks,
The hunger, the hart-ill, and the hoiſt ſtill thee hald,

The boch, and the barbles, with the Cannigate breikes.
With bockblood, and beanſhaw, ſpeven ſprung in the ſpald,
The ferſie, the falling-euill, that fels manie freikes,
Ouergane all with Angleberries as thou growes ald.
The kinkhoſt, the Charbuckle, and the wormes in the cheiks.
The ſnuff and, the ſnoire, the chaud-peece, the chanker.
With the blads and the belie-thraw.
The bleiring bates, and the beanſhaw,
With the miſchiefe of the melt and maw,
The clape and the canker.

The frencie, the fluxes, the fyke, and the felt,
The feavers, the fearcie, with the ſpeinzie flees,
The doit, and the diſmail, indifferentlie delt,
The powlings, the palſay, with pockes like pees,
The ſwerfe, and the ſweiting, with ſounding to ſwelt,
The wearie-ill, the wild-fire, the vomit and the vees,
The mair, and the migrame, with the meathes in the melt,
The warbles, and the wood-worme, whereof dogs dies,
The teaſicke, the tooth-aike, the tittes and the tirles,
The painſull popleſie and peſt,
The rot, the roup, and the auld reſt,
With parles and plurifies oppreſt,
And nip'd with the nirles.

Woe worth (quoth the Weirds) the wights that thee wroght
Threed-bare bee their thrift, as thou art wanthreivin,
Als hard bee their han ſtell, that helps thee to ought,
The rotten rim of thy wombe with Rooke ſhall bee reivin,
All bounds where thou bides, to baile ſhall bee brought,
Thy Gall, and thy Guiſſerne to G'aids ſhall bee giuen,
Aye ſhort bee thy ſolace, with ſhame bee thou ſought,
In hell mot thou haunt thee, and hide thee from Heauen,
And aye as thou auld growes, ſwa eik and bee thy anger.
To liue with limmers, and out-lawes,
With hurcheons, eat and hips and hawes,
But when thou comes where the cocke crawes,
Tarie there na langer.

Shame and ſorrow on her ſnout that ſuffers thee to ſowke,
Or ſhoe that cares for thy Cradill, cauld bee her caſt,

Or bringes anie bedding for thy blae bowke,
Or louſes off thy lingals, ſa lang as they may laſt,
Or offers thee anie thing, all the lang owke,
Or firſt refreſheth thee with foode, how beit thou ſhould faſt,
Or when thy duddes are bedirtten, that gines them an dowk
All grooms when thou greits, at thy ganting bee agaſt,
Als froward bee thy fortune, as foull is thy forme,
First ſeuen yeires bee thou dumbe and deiffe,
And after that a common thieffe,
Thus art thou marked for miſchieffe,
Foule vnworthie worme.

Outrowde bee thy tongue, yet tratling all times,
Aye the langer that thou liues, thy lucke be the leſſe,
All Countries where thou comes, accuſe thee of crimes,
And falſe bee thy fingers, but leath to confeſſe,
Aye raving, and raging, in rude rat-rimes.
All ill bee thou vſand, and aye in exceſſe,
Ilke Moone bee thou mad, fra paſt bee the prime,
Still plagude with pouertie, thy pride to oppreſſe,
With warwolfes and wild Cates, thy weird bee to wander,
Draglit throw dirtie dubs and dykes,
Touſled and tuggled with towne tykes,
Say louſie lyar what thou lykes,
Thy tongue is na ſlander.

Fra the ſiſter had ſeene the ſhape of that ſhit,
Little lucke bee thy lot, there where thou lyes,
Thy fowmart face, quoth the firſt, to flyt ſalbe fit,
Nicneuen quoth the next, ſall noriſh thee twyſe,
To ride poſt to Elphin, nane abler nor it.
To driue dogs but to drit, the third can deuyſe,
All thy day ſall thou bee, of an bodie but a bit,
Al ſuch is this ſentence, as ſharpe is thy ſyſe,
Syne duelie they deemde, vvhat death it ſould dit:
The firſt ſaid, Surelie of a ſhot,
The ſecond of a running knot,
The third be throwing of the threate
Like a tyke ouer a tree.

When the weird ſiſters had this voted all in an voyce,
The deid of the dablet, and ſyne they vvith-drew:
To let it lye all allane, they thought it little loſſe,
In a den bee a dyke, or the day dew,
Then a cleir compānie, came ſoone after cloſſe,
Nicneuen with her Nymphes, in number anew,
With charmes from Cairnes, and Chanric of Roſſe,
Whoſe cunning conſiſts in caſting of a Clew,
They ſeeing this fairie thing, ſaid to themſelfe,
This thriftleſſe is meit for vs,
And for our craft commodious.
An vglie Ape, and Incubus,
Gotten with an Elfe.

Thir venerable Virgines, whom the warld call Wicthes,
In the time of their triumph, tirr'd mee the Taide,
Some backward raid on brodſows, & ſome on black bitches,
Some in ſteid of a ſtaig, ouer a ſtarke Monke ſtraide,
Fra the how to the hight, ſome hobles, ſome hatches,
With their mouthes to the Moone, murgeons they maid,
Some be force in effect the foure windes fetches,
And nyne times witherſhins about the thorne raid,
Some glowring to the ground, ſome grieuouſlie gaipes,
Be craft conjurand fiends perforce,
Foorth of a Cairne, beſide a Croce
Thir Ladies lighted fra their horſe.
And band them with raipes.

Some bare-foote, and bare-leggde to baptize that *Bairne*,
Till a water they vvent, be a wood-ſide,
They fand then ſhit all beſhitten in the awne ſhearne,
On three headed *Hecatus*, to heire them they cryde,
As vvee haue found in the field, this Findling forfairne,
Firſt his faith hee forſakes in thee to confyde,
Be vertue of their words and this raw yearne,
And while this thriſe threttie knots, on this blew threed byd,
And of thir mens members, well ſowd to a ſhoe,
Whilke wee haue tane from top to tae,
Euen of an hundreth men and mae

Now

Now grant vs goddesse or vvee gae.
Our duetie to doe.

Be the hight of the heauens, and be the howneſſe of hell,
Be the windes and the weirds, and the Charlewaine,
Be the hornes, the handſtaff and the kingsell,
Be thunder be fyreflaughtes, be drouth and be raine,
Be the Poles and the Planete, and the ſignes all twell,
Be the mirknes of the Moone, let mirknes remaine,
Be the Elements all, that our crafts can compell,
Be the fiends infernall, and the furies in paine,
Gar all the Gaiſts of the deid, that dwels there downe,
In *Lethe* and *Styx* that ſtink and ſtrands,
And *Pluto* that your Court Commands,
Receiue this howlat aff our hands,
In name of *Mahowne*.

That this worme in our worke, ſome wonders may wirk,
And through the poyſon of this Pod, our pratiques prevaile,
To cut aff our cumber, from comming to the kirk,
For the half of our helpe, and hes it heir haill,
Let neuer this vndought, of ill doing irk,
But ay blyth to begin, all barret and baill,
Of all blis let it be, als bair as the birk,
That titteſt the taidrell may tell ane ill taill,
Let no vice in this warld, in this wanthrift be wanted
Be they had ſaid, the fire flaughts flew,
Baith thunder, raine, and winds blew,
Wherebe there comming, commers knw
Their asking was granted.

When thae Dames deuotly had done their devore,
In heauing this hurcheon they haſted them hame,
of that matter to make, remained no more,
Sauing nixt how the Nunnes, that working ſould name,
They kowd all the kytrall, the face of it before,
And nippd it ſa doones neir to ſee it was ihame,
They calld it peild *Polwart*, they pulld it ſo ſore,
Where wee clip, quoth the commers, there needs na kame,
For wee haue heght to *Mahoun* for handſell this hair,

They made it like ane ſcraped ſwyne,
And as they cowd, they made it vvhryne,
It ſhavd the ſelfe, aye on ſenſyne,
The beard of it ſa baire.

Fra the Kummers that Crab, had vvith *Pluto* contracted,
They promeiſt as parants, ſyne for their owne part,
A mouer of miſchiefe, and they might for to make it,
As an Imp of all ill, maiſt apt for their Arte,
Nicneuen as nuriſh, to teach it, gart take it.
To ſaill ſure in a ſeiffe, but compaſſe or Cart,
And milk of an hairne tedder, though vviues ſould be wrackit
And the Kow giue a chopin, vvas vvont to giue a quart,
Manie Babes and Bairnes ſall bliſſe thy baire banes.
When they haue neither milke nor meill,
Compelde for hunger for to ſteill.
Then ſall they giue thee to the deuill,
Able ofte nor anes.

Be ane after mid-night, their office vvas ended,
At that tyd vvas na time for trumpers to tarie:
Syne backward on horſe-backe brauely they bended,
That cammoſed Cocatrice, they quite vvith them carie,
To *Kait* of *Criefe* in an Creill ſoone they gard ſend it,
Where ſeuin yeir it ſat, baith ſinged and ſirie,
The kin of it be the cry, incontinent kend it,
Syne fetch't food for to feid it, foorth fra the Pharie,
Ilke Elfe of them all brought an almous houſe Otter.
Indeid it was a daintie diſh,
A foull fleghmaticke foulſome fiſh.
In ſteid of ſauce, on it they piſh.
Sik foode, feede ſike a foſter.

Syne fra the fathers ſide, finelie had fed it,
Manie monkes and marmaſits, came vvith the mother,
Blacke botch fall the breiſt, and the bellie that bred it,
Av offered they that vndoght, fra ane to another,
Vvhere that ſnatched had ſowked, ſo ſair it was to ſhed it,
But belyue it beganne, to buckie the brother,

In

In the barke of ane bourtree, whylome they bed it.
All talking with their tongues, the ane to the other,
With flirting, and flyring their Physnome they fly Pe,
Some laik and lyce, in the crowne of it keeks,
Some choppes the kiddes into their cheeks,
Some in their oxster hard it cleeks,
Like ane old bag-pipe.

With mudyons, and murgeons, and mouing the braine,
They lay it, they lift it, they louse it, they lace it,
They graip it, they grip it It greets and they grane,
They bed it they baw it, they bind it they brace it,
It skittered, and skarted, they skirled ilk ane,
All the Ky in the countrey they skarred, and chased,
That roaring, they wood-ran, and routed in a reane,
The wild deere fra their den, their dinns displaced,
The cry was sa ouglie, of Elfes, Aips and Owles
That geise and gaisling, cryes and craikes,
In dubs douks down, Duiks and draikes,
All beasts for feir, the fields forsakes
And the towne Tykes yowles.

Sik a mirthlesse Musick their menstralls did make,
Whill Ky kest caprels, behind with their heeles,
Litill tent to their time, the Toome leit them take,
But ay rammeist red wood, and raveld in their reeles,
Then the cummers that yee ken came all with a clak,
To coniure that coidy och, with clewes in their creeles,
Whill all the bounds them about grew blaikned and blak,
For the din of thir daibletts, raisd all the deils,
To concurre in the cause they were come sa far,
For they their god-bairne giftes wald giue,
To teach the child to steale and reiue.
And ay the langer that it liue,
The warld sould be the war.

Polwarts third flytting against Montgomerie.

INfernall frawart, feaming furies fell,
Curst cankerd crabed *(Clotho)* helpe to quell,

Yon *Caribald* yone catiue execrabill,
Provyd my pen profoundly to diſtell,
Some dure deſpite, to daunt you diuell of hell,
And dryve with doole, to death deteſtabill,
This mad malitious monſter miſerabill,
Ane tyke tormented, trotting out of toone,
That rynes red wood at ilk mids of the Moone

Renew your roaring rage, and eager Ire,
Inflamd with fearefull thundring, thuddes of fyre,
To plague this poyſond pykthank, peſtilent,
With flying fyreflaughts, burning bright and ſhyre
Devoir yon deviliſh dragon, I deſire,
And waſt his wearied venome violent,
Coniure this beaſtly begger impotent,
Suppreſſe all power of this euill ſpirit,
That bydes and barkes in him als black as Ieit.

But reikie Rooks and Ravens or yee ryue him,
Deſiſt, delay his death, whill I deſcriue him,
Syne rypely to his rauing rude reply,
To dreadfull dolour, dearfly or ye dryve him,
Throw *Plutoes* power, pleaſure to depryue him,
The Lowne may lick his vomit, and deny
His ſhameles ſawes, like Sathans ſlaviſh ſmy.
Whoſe maners with his miſmade members heir
Doe correſpond, as plainly doth appeir.

His pylled pallat, and vnpleſant pow,
The fulſome flocks of flies doth ouerflow,
With wams and wounds all blaikned full of blains
Out ouer the neck, athort his nitty now,
Like louſe lyes linkand, like a large lint bow,
That hurts his harns, and pearſe them to his pains
Whill wit and vertue vaniſhd fra the vaines,
With ſcartes and ſcores, athort his frozen front,
In rankels run within the ſtewes all brunt.

His lugs baith lang and leane, wha can but lacke,
That to the Iron hes tane ſo many a tacke,

With blasted bowels, bowden with bruised blude,
And hapning haires, blaw in witherſuns aback.
Foot foundred beasts for fault of food, full weake
Hes not their hair sa snod as other good,
The bleared Bucke and boystrous to conclude,
Hes right trim teeth somewhat set in a thraw.
Ane topped turde, right teughly for to taw.

Wi h laidly lips, and lyning side turnd out,
His nose weill lit in *Bacchus* blood about,
His stinking end, corrupted as men knawes,
Contagious cankers, carues his snasling snout,
His sha en shoulders, shawes the marks no dout,
Of teugh tarladders, tyres and other tawes,
And girds of Galeyes growand now in gawes,
Swa all his fouſome forme thereto effeirs,
The quhilk for filth, I will not fyle your eirs.

The second part of Polwarts third flytting.

BVt of his conditions to carp for a while,
And count you his qualities compast with cair
Appardon mee poets to alter my style,
And wisle my verse, forfyling the Aire.
Returning directlie againe to *Argyle*,
Where last that I left him, baith barefoote & bair
Where rightlie I reckoned his race verie vyle,
Diſcending of Deuils, as I did declaire
But quhilke of the gods will guide me aright:
Abhorring, so abhominable,
Sa dooleſull and deteſtable,
Sa knauiſh, cankerde, excrable,
And waried a wight.

In *Argyle* amang Gaites, hee gead within glennes,
Aye there vsing offices, of a bruit beast,
While bliſſ. sse was baniſh'd, for handling of hens
Syne forward to *Flanders*, fast fled or hee ceaſt,
From poore anes the pultrie, he plucked be the pens

Delighting in theft, the heart of his breſt,
And courage inclin'd, to knauerie men kennes,
To peſtilent purpoſes, plainlie hee preaſt,
But truelie to tell all the trueth vnto you,
In no wayes was hee wiſe,
Hee vſed both Carts and Dyce,
And fled no kind of vyce,
Or few as I trow.

Hee was an falſe Schiſmaticke, notoriouſlie named
Both whoredome, and homicide, ynſell hee vſed,
With all the ſeuen ſinnes the ſmatched was ſhamed
Pride, Ire, and Envie, this vndought abuſed,
For greedie covetouſneſſe, bitterlie blamed,
For bawdrie, and bordelling, luckleſſe hee loued,
Thriſt drynes, & drunkennes, the dyvour defamed,
Falſe, fenzit, with flytting, and flattery infuſed,
Maiſt ſinfull, and ſenſuall ſhame to reherſe,
Whoſe feckleſſe fooliſhnes,
And beaſtly bruklenes,
Can no man as I geſſe,
Weill put into verſe.

An warloch, an warwolfe, an Voubet but haire,
An Deill and a Dragon, and deid Dromadarie,
An counterfoot coſtroun, that does clarks not cair:
An clauering cohoobie, that crackes of the Pharie,
Whoſe fauourleſſe Phiſnomie, doth dewlie declare
His vices, and viciouſneſſe, although I wald varie,
Arcandam's Aſtrologie, an lanterne of laire,
Affirmes his bleardneſſe, to wiſedome contrarie,
Betaikning baith babling and baldneſſe of age,
Great fraud, and foule deceit,
Cappit, with quyet conceit,
VVitneſſe ſome verſe he wreit,
Halfe daft in a rage.

His Anagrame alſo, concerning that race,
Sayes ſurelie, its a ſigne of a lecherous Lowne,

His paleneſſe next partlie, with browne in the face
Arcandam aſcriues, to babling aye bowne,
And tratling intemperat, tymeleſſe, but place,
A cowart yet cholericke, and drunke in ilke towne,
And als his aſſe eares, they ſigne in ſhort ſpace,
The franticke foole ſall grow madde like Mahowne
But yet ſall hee liue lang, whilke alace were a loſſe,
For ſike a tryed traitour!
And babling blaſphematour,
Was neuer form'd of Nature,
Sa gooked a Gooſe.

Whoſe origine noble, the note of his name;
Cal'd Etimologie beires rightlie record,
His ſurname doth flow, fra two termes of diffame,
From *Mont* and *Gomora*, where deuils be the lord
His kinſmen was cleinlie caſt out to his ſhame,
That is of their clane, whom Chriſt hath abhorde,
And beiris of the birth place, their horrilbe name,
Where *Sodomite* ſinners, with ſtinking were ſmor'd
Now ſen all is ſuith thats ſaid of this ſmy,
Vnto that capped Clarke,
And prettie piece of warke,
That bitterlie doth barke,
I may this reply.

Polwarts laſt flytting againſt Montgomerie.

VYle villaine, vaine, & war nor I haue tald thee:
Thy withered wame, is damnified and dry'd,
Beſhitten boyſtour, baldlie I forbad thee,
To mell vvith mee, or elſe thou ſhuld deare buy it,
Thy ſpeach but purpoſe, ſporter is eſpyed,
That wrytes of witches, warlocks wraith, & wratchs
But Inveictiues againſt him well defyed,
Rob Stenin thou raues, forgetting whom thou matches,

Leaue boggles, brownies, Gyr-carlings and Gaiſts,
Daſtard thou daffes, that vvith ſuch divilrie mels,

Thy peild preambles ouer prolixly lasts,
Thy reasons savors of reeke and nothing elſe,
Thy sentences, of suit sa sweitlie smels,
Thou sat sa neir the chimney nuik that made them,
Fast be the Ingle, amang the Orster shels,
Drei land my danger, durst not well debate them.

Thy tratling truiker, wald gar taids spew,
And Carle Cats vveepe vinegar with their eine,
Thou said I borrowed, blads that is not trew,
The contrarie false smatchet shall bee seene,
I neuer had of that making ye meine,
A verse in vvrit, in print, or yet perqueir,
Quhilke I can proue and cleanse mee wonder cleine
Though single words no writer can forbeir.

To proue my speeches probable and plaine,
Thou must confesse, thou vsed my invension,
I reckoned first thy race, syne thou againe,
In that same sort, made of thy Maister mention,
Thy wit is weake, with mee to haue dissention,
For to my speech thou neuer made reply,
At libertie to lye, is thy intention,
I answere aye, whilke thou cannot deny.

Thy friends are fiendes, of Apes thou fenzies mine
VVith my assistance, saying all thou can,
I count sike kindred, better yet nor mine,
Chiefle of beasts, that most resemble man,
Grant gif that my invention wars thine then,
Without the whilk, thou might haue barked waist
I laid the ground, whereon thou best began,
To big the brig, whereof thou brags maist.

Thy lacke of Iudgement, may bee als perceaued,
Thir twa chiefe points of reason wants in thee,
Thou attributes to Apes, where thou hes reaued,
The ills of horse, an monstrous sight to see,
Na maruell though ill won, ill waired bee,
For all thise ills, thou staw I am right certaine,

From *Semples* dytements, of an horſe did die,
Of *Porterfieldes* that dwelt into *Dumbartane*.

Among the ills of Aipes, that thou hes tauld,
Though to an horſe pertaining properlie,
Thou puts the ſpauen in the forder ſpauld,
That vſes in the hinder hogh to bee,
Fra horſe-men anes thy cunning heare and ſee,
I feare auld *Allane* get na maire adoe,
Alace poore man, hee may lye downe and die,
Syne thou's ſucceed to weare the ſiluer ſhoe.

Farder thou flees with other fowles wings,
Ouer-cled cleirer with collours than thy awne,
But ſpeciallie with ſome of ſimples things,
Or for an plucked gooſe, thou had beene knawne,
Or like an Cran, in mounting ſoone o'rethrowen,
That muſt take aye, nine ſteps before ſhee flye,
So in the gout, thou might haue ſtand and blawen,
As lang as thou lay grauelled like to die,

I ſpeak not of thy vitious diuiſions,
Wher thou pronounces, and yet propones but part:
Incumbred with ſa manie tryed confuſions:
Quhilke ſhawes thy ryme, but rhetoricke or arte,
Thy memorie is ſhort, beſhrew thy heart,
Telling an thing ouer twiſe or thriſe at anes,
And can not from an proper place depart,
Except I were to frig thee with whin ſtanes.

The things I ſaid gif that thou wold deny,
Meaning ro wry the veritie with wyles,
Lick where I laid, and pickle of that pye,
Thy knavery credence fra thee quite exyles,
Thy feckles folly, all the aire defyles,
I find ſa many faults, ilk ane ouer other,
Firſt I muſt tell thee all thy ſtately ſtyles,
And ſyne bequeath thee to thy birken brother.

Fond flytter, ſhit ſhytter, bacon bytter, all deſyld,
Blunt bleittar, paddock pricker puddin eiter, perverſe,

Heh plucker, cloſet mucker, houſe cucker, very vyld,
Tanny cheeks, I think thou ſpeiks, with thy breeks, foul-erſe,
Woodtyk, hoodpyk, ay like, to liue in lacke,
Howre the pin, ſcabbed ſkin, eat it in, that thou ſpake,

Gumegalle, balde skade, foule faidi, why ſlait thou foole,
Steill Yow, fill tow, thou dow not defend thee,
Quha kend, thy end, falſe fiend, phantaſtick mule,
Thief ſiny, they wald cry, fy fy, to gar end thee,
Sweir ſow, doyld kow, ay fow, foull fall thy banes,
Very wyld, defyld, ay woodwyld, ilk moneth anes.

Tary tade, thous defate; now debate, if thou dow,
Huſh pade, lick ladle, ſhyt ſadle, doe thy beſt,
Creiſhie ſoutter, ſhoe cloutter, minch moutter, dar thou mow
Ragged raſſer, ſheep ſtealer, double dealer, thous be dreſt.
Fals preif, leane theiſe, miſcheif fall thy lippes,
Blaird beard, thy reward, is prepard, for thy hippes.

Erſe ſlaiker, gleyd glaiker, roome raiker, for releiſe,
Lunatick, frenatick, ſchiſmatick, Swingeour ſob,
Turd facd, ay chaſd, almaiſt, fyld for a theiſe,
Miſly kyt, and thou flyt, I le dryt in thy gob,
Tait mow, wilde ſow, ſoone bow, or I wand thee,
Hell ruik, with thy buik, leaue the nuik, I command thee,

Land lowper, light skowper, ragged rowper, like a Raven,
Halland ſhaker, draught raiker, bannock-baiker, all beſhitten
Craig in perill, toome the barrel quyt the quarrel, or be ſhauen
Rude ratler, common tratler, poore pratler, out flitten,
Hell ſpark, ſcabbed Clark, and thou bark, I ſall belt thee,
Skade ſcald, ourbald, ſoone fald, or I melt thee.

Lowſie lugs, leape jugs, toome the mugs, on the midding,
Tanny ſlank, redſhank, pykthank, I muſt pay thee,
Spew bleck, widdie neck, come an I beck, at my bidding,
Fall Lowne, make the bowne, *Mahowne*, mon haue thee,
Rank ruittour, ſcurlie whittour, and Iuittour, nane ſower,
Decreſt, oppreſt, poſſeſt, with *Plutoes* power.

Cappod

Capped knaue, proud ſlaue, ye raue, ay vnrocked,
Whiles ſlaverand, whils taverand, whiles waverand with wine
Greedy gouked, poore & pluked, ill inſtructed, ye's be knoked
Gleyd gangrell, auld mangrell, to the hangrell, and ſa pyne,
Calumniatour, blaſphematour, vyle creature vntrew,
Thy cheiping, and peiping, with weiping, thou ſalt rew.

Mad manter, vaine vaunter, ay haunter in ſlauery,
Pudding pricker, bang the bicker, nane quicker, in knavery,
Kailly lippes, kiſſe my hips, into grips, thous behind,
Baill brewer, poiſon ſpewer, money truer hes bein pind,
Swyne keiper, land keiper tuird ſteiper, from the drouth,
Leane limmer, ſteale gimmer, I ſall skimmer in thy mouth.

Fleyd foole, mad muile, die with doole on ane aike,
Knaue kend, Chriſt ſend ill end, on thee now,
Pudding wright, our of ſight, thou's be dight, like a draik,
Jock blunt, thraw in frunt, kiſſe the cunt, of the Kow,
Purſe peiler, hen ſteiler, Cat killer, now I quell thee,
Rubiatour, fornicatour, by nature, foull befall thee.

Tyk ſtickar, poyſond Viccar pot lickar, I mon pay thee,
Feard flyar, loud lyar, gooked gleyar, on the gallows,
Jock blunt, deid runt, I ſall dunt, whill I ſlay thee,
Buttrie bag, fill knag, thou will rag, with thy fellows,
Tyrd clatterer, skin batterer, and flatterer of friends,
Vyld widdered, miſordered, confedered with fiends.

Blind brock, looſe dock, bord block, baniſhd townes,
Alace, theifes face, na grace, for that grunzie,
Beld biſſet marmiſſed, lanſprezed to the lownes,
Deid dring, dry'd ſting, thou will hing but a ſunzie,
Lick butter, throat cutter fiſh gutter, fill the fetter,
Come bleitand, and greitand, faſt citand, thy laidley letter.

FINIS.

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